Brightening a Suburb

Bide-a-Bit lets Dad take the bus.

So, making strides.

Sensation of the platform!

In an orange leisure suit, bell bottoms
wider than the world!

What I got out of him--and it wasn’t easy--
laundry workers had struck, and this is
what he had left.

He is to be Sonny to Mrs McGiller’s
Cher in their next show of decrepits.

I pulled the Benz into the garage.Thank God
for tinted windows!

Left him. I still had vital business via cell.

What the hell! He had a TV, and picnic leftovers in
the spare frig.

Jeanette stormed back around ten from her law job,
totally pissed.

She’d hop upstairs with a pitcher of Manhattans.

And, be snoring in no time.

But...the snoring came first from the garage! Had forgotten
the vodka punch on the frig’s bottom shelf!

Lemon slices, only, left.

Way it goes.

When Noppie gets home from Chick-Fill-A shift, I have him pour
Orange Grandpa into his shitbox and take him back.

Cost just ten.